

LITTLE INO C.
AND HIS COMPANIONS.



OXFORD AND LONDON,
JOHN HENRY PARKER.

ILLUSTRATED STORIES

FROM THE

Parochial Tracts,

PRICE TWOPENCE EACH.

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Mountain. |

Samuel
Loomis
Esq.

Dear Sir



INO SLEEPING AT THE FOOT OF THE LOVELY LILY.

LITTLE INO C.
AND HIS COMPANIONS.

DISCONTENT.

I WISH you could have seen little Ino C. Large fair blue eyes had he, so large, so fair, so smiling, that when it was a fine day and when Ino *was pleased*, (for

he was not *always* pleased;) when the day then was sunshiny and Ino was sunshiny too, you looked first at Ino's eyes, and then at the sky,— and then at the sky, and then at Ino's eyes, and wondered which was the most heavenly of the two. This is a long description of a little urchin's eyes, but I have a reason for telling you so much about them, and here is the reason.

He had very unwisely made

friends with a sprite called Discontenta, and this Discontenta had a way of recommending herself to young lads and lasses, by pretending that she knew better than any one else what was good for *something*, and what was good for nothing. She and Ino kept fast company together, and she would sit and look into those clear, fair eyes of his, till a very picture of herself was reflected in their

little mirrors, and then you might have mistaken Ino for Discontenta, so exactly had the expression of his eyes become like his naughty friend's.

One day he had been having a long gossip with Discontenta, when he heard a gay lark singing in the meadow. Off flew Ino after the lark, and up flew the lark ring upon ring, ring upon ring, so high, so high, so high,

that Ino nearly cracked his little neck in looking after him. "Oh! lark, lark, come down, come down," cried the little one; but the lark was carolling at Heaven's gate, and bathing himself in the pure air, and he did not choose to come down until he had finished his frolic. Ino listened and listened, and at last he heard the sweet music coming back again, and soon the little songster tumbled

down on a clover cushion beside Ino, quite out of breath and panting. “Do you like flying up to the sun, and making all those circles in the sky?” said Ino. The lark twinkled his merry soft brown eye, and sang, “trira la! trira la! trira la!” and was just off again to shew that he *did* like flying up to the sun and making a rout in the air; but Ino laid his little hand on his wing, and said, “Oh!

take me with you into your better life, for I like not this dull earth, where the grass is half green and half brown, and the flowers are not everlasting. I am tired too of this field of daisies and clover looking so contented and homely.”

But the lark shook Ino's hand off indignantly, for he loved the daisies and clover, though he could fly far away into the blue ether, and he did not like his beloved ones

to be evil spoken of. So he kissed a farewell to a bright-eyed little daisy, and with a sprig of clover in his beak, for love's sake, flew away from poor Ino without thinking of or noticing him any more. "Oh! lark, lark, sweet gay lark, I will go with you," passionately sobbed Ino. Just then his best friend brought him four red-ripe cherries, and a little honey-comb in a silver cup; but

he would none of them, only he would be for ever crying, "Oh! lark, lark, take me with thee into thy better life."

At one corner of the meadow where Ino had been sitting with the lark was a gate. This gate led to a garden full of flower-pots; a pond of gold and silver fish was in the middle of it, and where the laurels grew thickest there stood a tall and lovely lily,

pure white in the sunshine. Ino looked at her. He thought the lily gently bowed her head in token of welcome to him. He drew near—her breath! how sweet it was!—"Stately one," said he,—the lily *really* bowed,—
"I love thee well. I will sit for ever at thy feet, till I grow like thee. Beautiful are thy spotless petals, and rich thy golden crown. I will be like thee. I

will look at no other flower but thee. Thou and thou only shalt be my love. For thy sake I will hate the naughty rose with her sly thorns ; the honey-suckle shall not dare draw near thee, unless it be humbly creeping on the ground. As to those vulgar peonies, they make you blush, my dear one, by looking at you, so they shall be forthwith rooted out. Thou, and thou only, shalt be

Queen of the garden.” “Nay,” said the modest lily, laughing at the boy, “but if I am to be a Queen, I must have subjects, so do not say hard things of my friend the rose, with whom I love to exchange friendly smiles so becoming to us both: and as for the honest honey-suckle, he keeps so quietly to the garden paling that he never interferes with me, so I will not quarrel with him;

and though you are pleased to call those peonies vulgar, they are good, bluff, jolly dames, with cheeks for ever red and round in spite of wind and weather, and I think their substantial looks keep me in countenance.” “Lily, lovely lily,” still said Ino, “none will I love but thee ; I will hate all beside for thy sake : so say no more, sweet flower ; and here will I sit at thy feet, till by gazing at thee I grow

like unto thee." So he laid himself down at her feet and fell asleep; and the lily thought what a foolish child he was to wish to grow like her, when he had so fair a form himself, and such golden locks, and could stay or go, run about or sit still, just as he pleased, whilst she could only stand in the shady border, and look modest and smell sweet. But then she was well pleased to think she

did what she could, only she could not help feeling sad for the silly Ino, he looked so like an angel-boy in his dreams; and as she wished him happier two dewy tear-drops fell from her petals on his cheek.

“Who goes there,” said Ino, starting up from his sleep and seeing—what did he see? He saw the Prince of all the Islands seated in his yellow coach. Four

white ponies with silver-worked housings, and white plumes on their heads, drew it on, prancing and shaking their arched necks. Two postilions with pigtails, and scarlet jackets and silver buttons, with whistles hanging to their sides, rode jollily on their little nags. Behind stood the Prince's dwarfs, each with a hollyhock flower in his button-hole, and by the side of the young Prince sat his favour-

ite poodle, with a blue riband round his neck. “Crack, crack,” went the postboy’s whip, “Yelp, yelp,” went the poodle, and the ponies pranced, and the Prince bowed and smiled, and all looked *so* gay. Ino was beside himself. He forgot the better life of the lark singing at heaven’s gate; he forgot all the vows he had made to the lily, and now he must needs be a Prince—ay and that directly.

He could not wait till he was older, and better, and wiser, but he must be a Prince all at once, must jump into the coach, cry “Gallop” to the postboys—“Huzza” to the ponies—“Couràge” to the poodle, and ride post haste to the crown. But his best friend had all this time been looking at him; and now he laid a strong but gentle hand upon him, and led him to a quiet little chamber, which looked out upon

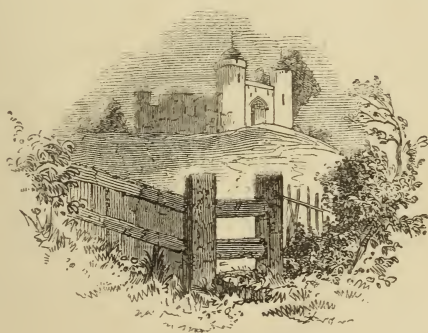
a long and narrow way, without turning,—steep, and having few places to rest in. The prospect was sad, nay, would have been insupportable, but that a cherub-faced boy was always walking up and down this bye-road, singing more sweetly than our old friend the lark, looking more spotless, and breathing sweeter influences than even the lovely lily, and seeming more gay with his homely

jerkin and shepherd's staff than even the Prince of all the Islands, with his yellow coach and prancing steeds, bouqueted dwarfs and snow-white little poodle. Day after day was Ino condemned to sit studiously at the window of this little chamber, with no other variety than that of making excursions up this strait road with the cherub-faced boy Contento,—so was he called. But oh! at

last he learned to love this dear Contento. Contento made a little picture of himself in Ino's eyes, just as that naughty sprite Discontenta had formerly done of herself,—but very different were the two pictures. The image of Contento made Ino's eyes look more like heaven every day, and even when years had passed away and the clear blue had gone out of them, Contento's looks still were

reflected from those eyes, and every one loved that their full friendly gaze should be turned on them; and his best friend, when he saw Ino was no longer the foolish companion of the sprite Discontenta, wishing for all sorts of things that he had not, but rather was well pleased to walk with the cherub-faced boy up the strait, steep path,—then his best friend, I say, loved him better still, and

said, "Now shalt thou be called no more Ino, but John,—the beloved."



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